

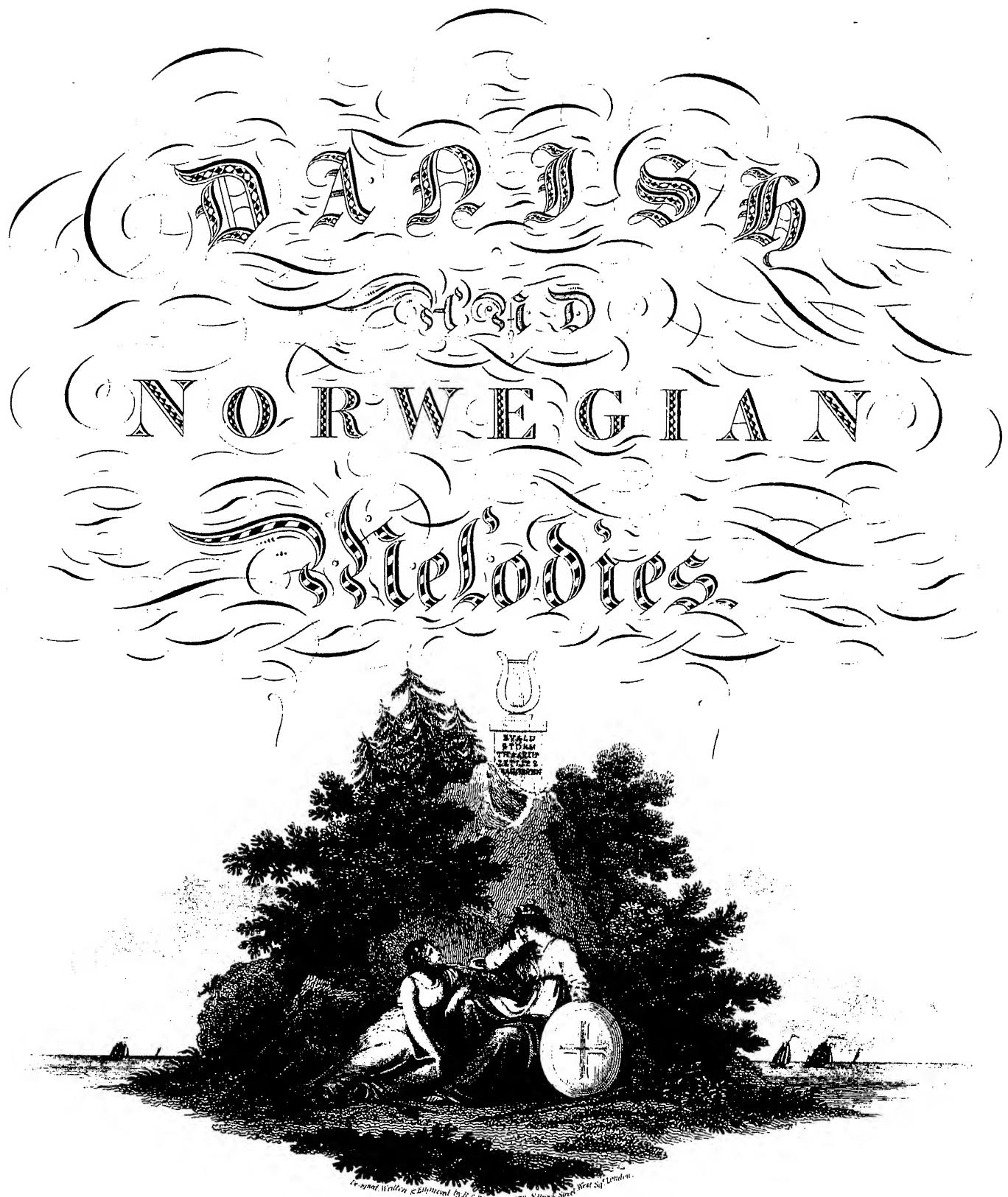
**Danish & Norwegian
Melodies**

LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY CHAPPELL AND CO.

104, NEW BOND STREET.

Price 1s.



Harp of the North!... still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves, and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid one warrior smile, nor teach one maid to weep?

SCOTT.

Published by Chappell & Co., 72-4, New Bond-Street.

DANISH AND NORWEGIAN
Melodies.

SELECTED

BY A. ANDERSEN FELDBORG,

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN.

HARMONIZED AND ARRANGED,

WITH

ADDITIONAL SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR THE

Piano-Forte,

BY

C. STOKES.

THE POETRY TRANSLATED

BY

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY CHAPPELL AND CO. 124, NEW BOND STREET.



C. WHITTINGHAM, PRINTER, CHISWICK.

TO THE

DANISH AND NORWEGIAN NATIONS,

IN TOKEN OF THE DUTIFUL REGARD

FELT BY ONE

WHO REJOICED WITH THEM IN THE DAYS OF THEIR PROSPERITY,

AND WHO HAS NOT BEEN PREVENTED IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY,

FROM MANIFESTING HIS SYMPATHY IN THEIR SUFFERINGS,

THESE MELODIES

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH SANGUINE HOPES FOR A RETURN OF THE TIMES

WHEN DENMARK AND NORWAY

PRESNTED A PICTURE OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HAPPINESS

WHICH BUT FEW COUNTRIES HAVE ENJOYED.

A. ANDERSEN FELDBORG.

London, July 24, 1815.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE length of some of the songs precluded the possibility of their introduction in an entire form, without a violation of the rules generally observed in musical publications of this kind. It may therefore be necessary to apprise the Public, that the words at length, with several other poems, will be found in a volume entitled, "Poems from the Danish, illustrated with Historical Notes," just published by Messrs. CARPENTER and SON, Old Bond Street.

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The popular Navale Song of Denmark.³

Introduzione

Allegro
Moderato
e con
Maestoso

*Allegro
Moderato
e con
Maestoso*

Loco

King Christian took his
fear - less stand, 'Midst smoke and night:

A

thou-sand weapons rang a-round, The red blood spun from

many a wound, 'Midst smoke and steam to

the pro-found Sunk Swe-den's might! "Fly,

sons of Swedes! what heart may dare With Denmark's Christ-ian

to com-pare In fight?" In fight, what heart may dare. With

CHORUS

Denmark's Christian to compare In fight? "Fly,

8

BASE, TENOR, FRENCH TROMBONE

sons of Swedes! what heart may dare With

"Fly, sons of Swedes! what heart may

"Fly, sons of Swedes! what heart may

"Fly, sons of Swedes! what heart may dare With Denmark's

*

Den - - mark's Christ - - ian to com - - pare In

dare with Denmark's Christian to com - - pare In

dare what heart may dare with Christ - - ian

Christ - - ian to com - - pare With

fight, In fight, What heart may dare With
 fight, What heart may dare with Christian to com-pare With
 to compare in fight What heart may dare With
 Christian to com - - pare What heart may dare With

NB: The same Chorus to be repeated
at the end of each Stanza.

Denmark's Christian to compare in fight?
 Denmark's Christian to compare in fight?
 Denmark's Christian to compare in fight?
 Denmark's Christian to compare in fight?

7

THE POPULAR
Naval Song of Denmark.

BY THE LATE
JOHANNES EVALD,
OF COPENHAGEN.

KING CHRISTIAN took his fearless stand,
'Midst smoke and night:
A thousand weapons rang around,
The red blood spun from many a wound,
'Midst smoke and steam to the profound
Sunk Sweden's night!

"Fly, sons of Swedes! what heart may dare
With Denmark's **CHRISTIAN** to compare
In fight?"

NILS YULE beheld the storm roll nigh;
"The hour is come!"
He waves the crimson flag on high,
The blows in doubling volleys fly,
"Tis come," the foes of Denmark cry,
"Our day of doom!
Fly ye who can! what warrior dares
Meet Denmark's **YULE**, that man prepares
His tomb!"

Sea of the North! aloft behold
Thy third bolt fly!
Thy chilly lap receives the bold,
For terror fights with **TORDENSKOLD**,
And Sweden's shrieks, like death-bell toll'd,
Ring through thy sky.
Onward the bolt of Denmark rolls;
"Swedes! to heaven commit your souls,
And fly!"

Thou darksome deep! the Dane's pathway
To might and fame!
Receive thy friend! whose spirit warm
Springs to meet danger's coming form,
As thy waves rise against the storm,
And mounts to flame!
'Midst song and mirth life's path I'll tread,
And hasten to my ocean-bed
Through fame.

THE
Love of our Country.

BY

PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP,

OF COPENHAGEN.

THOU spot of earth, where from my bosom
 The first weak tones of nature rose ;
 Where first I cropp'd the stainless blossom
 Of pleasure, yet unmix'd with woes ;
 Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
 I tripp'd beneath a mother's hand ;
 In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
 That sparkles for my native land !

And when in childhood's quiet morning
 Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
 The heart, like bended bow returning,
 Springs swifter to its home of love !
 Each hill, each dale, that shared our pleasures
 Becomes a heaven in memory ;
 And ev'n the broken veteran measures
 With sprightlier step his haunts of glee.

O'er Norway's crags, o'er Denmark's vallies,
 Heroic tombs profusely rise,
 Memorials of the love that gallies
 Nations round kings, and knits their ties.
 Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
 Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
 Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
 But sweeter still our native land,

The Love of our Country.

Andantino

Sotto Voce ten

Thou spot of earth! where from my

bosom The first weak tones of nature rose;

Where first I cropp'd the stainless blossom,

Of pleasure, yet unmix'd with woes;

Where, with my new-born powers de-lighted,

I tripp'd beneath a moth'r's hand;

8
or

In thee the quench-less flame was lighted,

That sparkles for my na - - tive land!

Cres^o

That sparkles for my na - - tive

Cres^o dim?

dim:

land!

Fine

This block contains five staves of musical notation. The top staff is for the voice (soprano) in G clef, with lyrics. The bottom four staves are for the piano, with two staves each for treble and bass clef. Measure 11: Voice: G clef, 4 notes. Piano: Treble: 2 notes, Bass: 2 notes. Measure 12: Voice: G clef, 4 notes. Piano: Treble: 4 notes, Bass: 2 notes. Measure 13: Voice: G clef, 4 notes. Piano: Treble: 4 notes, Bass: 2 notes. Measure 14: Crescendo (Cres^o) in G clef, 4 notes. Piano: Treble: 4 notes, Bass: 2 notes. Measure 15: That sparkles for my na - - tive (diminished) in G clef, 4 notes. Piano: Treble: 4 notes, Bass: 2 notes. Measure 16: Crescendo (Cres^o) in G clef, 4 notes. Piano: Treble: 4 notes, Bass: 2 notes. Measure 17: dim: in G clef, 4 notes. Piano: Treble: 4 notes, Bass: 2 notes. Measure 18: land! in G clef, 4 notes. Piano: Treble: 4 notes, Bass: 2 notes. Measure 19: Fine. Piano: Treble: 4 notes, Bass: 2 notes.

The Women of Denmark.

Indante *mf*

1st TREBLE. *mf*

Brethren, join the social measure, Sing our

2^d TREBLE.

or CONTRATENOR. Brethren, join the social measure, Sing our

TENOR.

Brethren, join the social measure, Sing our

BASE.

Brethren, join the social measure, Sing our

8va *loco* *cres* *fx* *dim* *mf*

Sis - - ter Danes be-lov'd, While round each eye be-dimm'd with
 Sis - - ter Danes be-lov'd, While round each eye be-dimm'd with
 Sis - - ter Danes be-lov'd, While round each eye be-dimm'd with
 Sis - - ter Danes be-lov'd, While round each eye be-dimm'd with

plea - - - sure Swims the form - - his youth ap - - prov'd. And tell me
 plea - - - sure Swims the form - - his youth ap - - prov'd. And tell me
 plea - - - sure Swims the form - - his youth ap - - prov'd. And tell me
 plea - - - sure Swims the form - - his youth ap - - prov'd. And tell me

ALLEGRETTO
piu f.

ALLEGRETTO
piu f.

S. not, that cold to beau-ty, Ye feel not yet her thrilling

S. not, that cold to beauty, Ye feel not yet her thrilling

S. not, that cold to beau-ty, Ye feel not yet her thrilling

S. not, that cold to beau-ty, Ye feel not yet her thrilling

S. not, that cold to beau-ty, Ye feel not yet her thrilling

S. not, that cold to beau-ty, Ye feel not yet her thrilling

eye; The heart that's fit for friendship's du - ty; Is fit for

eye; The heart that's fit for friendship's du - ty; Is fit for

eye; The heart that's fit for friendship's du - ty; Is fit for

eye; The heart that's fit for friendship's du - ty; Is fit for

eye; The heart that's fit for friendship's du - ty; Is fit for

1 TUTTI 2

gentle woman's tie, And tell me tie.

mf

f

mf

f

TEMPO PRIMO.

mf

Joy to him, the lov'd, the lov-ing, To the hus - - band and the

Joy to him, the lov'd, the lov-ing, To the hus - - band and the

Joy to him, the lov'd, the lov-ing, To the hus - - band and the

Joy to him, the lov'd, the lov-ing, To the hus - - band and the

mf

friend! May they win their heart's - ap - - prov - ing, Who now in
 friend! May they win their heart's - ap - - prov - ing, Who now in
 friend! May they win their heart's - ap - - prov - - ing, Who now in
 friend! May they win their heart's - ap - - prov - - ing, Who now in

ALLEGRETTO.
piu f.

vain - - be-fore her bend; May he who scorns the fair's do -
 vain - - be-fore her bend; May he who scorns the fair's do -
 vain - - be-fore her bend; May he who scorns the fair's do -

ALLEGRETTO.
piu f.

mi - nion, Soon bow be - - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 mi - nion, Soon bow be - - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 mi - nion, Soon bow be - - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 mi - nion, Soon bow be - - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own

mf

TUTTI.

love, with fostering pi-nion, Watchever o'er our Sister Danes! May he, who
 love, with fostering pi-nion, Watchever o'er our Sister Danes! May he, who
 love, with fostering pi-nion, Watchever o'er our Sister Danes! May he, who
 love, with fostering pi-nion, Watchever o'er our Sister Danes! May he, who

for

scorns the fair's do-minion, Soon bow be - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 scorns the fair's do-minion, Soon bow be - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 scorns the fair's do-minion, Soon bow be - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 scorns the fair's do-minion, Soon bow be - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 scorns the fair's do-minion, Soon bow be - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 scorns the fair's do-minion, Soon bow be - neath her gentle chains; And heav'n's own
 love, with fostering pi-nion, Watch e-ver o'er our Sister Danes!
 love, with fostering pi-nion, Watch e-ver o'er our Sister Danes!
 love, with fostering pi-nion, Watch e-ver o'er our Sister Danes!
 love, with fostering pi-nion, Watch e-ver o'er our Sister Danes!

THE
Women of Denmark.

BY
PROFESSOR K. L. RAHBEK,
 OF COPENHAGEN.

BRETHREN, join the social measure,
 Sing our sister Danes belov'd,
 While round each eye bedimm'd with pleasure
 Swims the form his youth approv'd.
 And tell me not, that cold to beauty,
 Ye feel not yet her thrilling eye;
 The heart that's fit for friendship's duty
 Is fit for gentle woman's tie.

Glory to the spouse who traces
 Firm through sorrow's rocky soil,
 Him who shared her first embraces,
 Side by side, nor faints with toil!
 The silent tear that darkly glances
 She kisses from him ere it fall,
 She shares each smile, each sweet enhances,
 His friend, his counsellor, his all.

Heaven's own blessing rest upon her,
 The nymph who wins without a wile,
 Her, who turns a youth to honour
 By the magic of her smile!
 Oh! many a boy hath found in beauty
 His guardian power, his spirit's aid;
 How can he hate the paths of duty,
 Who loves them in his dearest maid?

Joy to him, the lov'd, the loving,
 To the husband and the friend!
 May they win their heart's approving,
 Who now in vain before her bend;
 May he, who scorns the fair's dominion,
 Soon bow beneath her gentle chains;
 And Heaven's own love, with fostering pinion,
 Watch ever o'er our sister Danes!

Sinclair's Song.

BY THE

LATE EDWARD STORM,

A NORWEGIAN POET.

ACROSS the sea came the Sinclair brave,
And he steer'd for the Norway border ;
In Gulbrand valley he found his grave,
Where his merrymen fell in disorder.

ACROSS the sea came the Sinclair brave,
To fight for the gold of Gustavus ;
God help thee, chief ! from the Norway glaive
No other defender can save us.

The moon rode high in the blue night-cloud,
And the waves round the bark rippled smoothly ;
When the mermaid rose from her wat'ry shroud,
And thus sang the prophetess soothly :

“Return, return, thou Scottish wight !
Or thy light is extinguish'd in mourning ;
If thou goest to Norway, I tell thee right,
No day shall behold thy returning.”

“Now loud thou liest, thou sorceress old !
Thy prophecies ever are sore ;
If once I catch thee within my hold,
Thou never shalt prophesy more.”

He sail'd three days, he sail'd three nights,
He and his merrymen bold ;
The fourth he near'd old Norway's heights,
I tell you the tale as 'tis told.

Sinclair's Song

Moderato CON ENERGIA.

f 8va. *loco* *fz*

A - cross the sea came the Sin - clair brave. And he
fz *8va.* *fz* *8va.* *fz* *8va.* *fz* *8va.*

mf
 steer'd for the Nor-way bor - der; In Gulbrand Val-ley he
8 *fz* *8* *fz* *8* *fz* *8*

found his grave, Where his merrymen fell in dis - or - - der.
fz *8* *8* *8* *8* *8* *8* *8*

Ritornato *fz* Fine

22. *One Venezuelan popular Song.*

Allegretto

Mez: * Cres *

fz Mez: *fz*

8va loco

p *Espres.*

8va

Mez:

grasp the va - nish'd trea - sure. When once the migh - ty

grasp the va - nish'd trea - sure. When once the migh - ty

grasp the va - nish'd trea - sure. When once the migh - ty

grasp the va - nish'd trea - sure. When once the migh - ty

Cres

task's begun, The glo-ri-ous race is swift to run To Norway, *mez:*

task's begun, The glo-ri-ous race is swift to run To Norway,

task's begun, The glo-ri-ous race is swift to run To Norway,

task's begun, The glo-ri-ous race is swift to run To Norway,

mez:

mother of the brave, We crown the cup of
 mother of the brave, We crown the cup of
 mother of the brave, We crown the cup of
 mother of the brave, We crown the cup of

f

TUTTI

pleasure, When once the migh-ty task's begun, The
 pleasure, When once the migh-ty task's begun, The
 pleasure, When once the migh-ty task's begun, The glorious
 pleasure, When once the migh-ty task's begun,

f

glori-ous race is swift to run. To Norway, mother of the
 glo-rious race is swift to run. To Norway, mother of the
 race is swift to run. To Norway, mother of the
 The glorious race is swift to run. To Norway, mother of the

8

brave We crown the cup of pleasure.
 brave We crown the cup of pleasure.
 brave - - We crown the cup of pleasure.
 brave - - We crown the cup of pleasure.

mez:

A

Norwegian popular Song.

BY

BISHOP J. NORDAHL BRUN,

OF BERGEN.

To Norway, mother of the brave,
 We crown the cup of pleasure,
 And dream our freedom come again,
 And grasp the vanish'd treasure.
 When once the mighty task's begun,
 The glorious race is swift to run.

Chorus.—To Norway, &c.

Drink to the children of the rocks,
 To Norway's honest bosoms !
 For him alone, who breaks our chains,
 Our wreath of glory blossoms :
 And when did mountain-youth deny
 For Norway's cause to live and die ?

Chorus.—Drink to, &c.

One glass to faith and friendship flows,
 One to Norway's daughters ;
 Drink each the girl his heart adores,
 And shame on him who palters !
 Shame on the wretch who welcomes chains,
 And woman, wine, and song disdains,

Chorus.—One glass, &c.

Drink to Norway's hills sublime,
 Rocks, snows, and glens profound :
 "Success!" her thousand echoes cry,
 And thank us with the sound.
 Old Dofra mingles with our glee,
 And joins our shouts with three times three.

*Chorus.—To Norway, mother of the brave,
 We crown the cup of pleasure.*

Pleasure and Friendship.

BY

CHRISTIAN MOLBECH,

ONE OF THE UNDER LIBRARIANS IN THE KING'S LIBRARY, COPENHAGEN.

WHERE'ER life thrives in fulness blooming,
 The rosy god of pleasure reigns;
 A thousand nations hail his coming,
 And smiling kiss his gentle chains.

Beneath his steps earth teems with roses;
 His eyes with kindly lustre glow;
 And from a cup half hid in posies
 He showers his gifts on earth below.

Then in his pathway's flowery furrow
 Gay mirth and sprightly song advance;
 He stills at once the waves of sorrow,
 His look a smile, his step a dance.

Pleasure & Friendship

Allegretto

8va -

8va

loco

rf

dim

8va

loco

rf

Where'er life thrives in ful - ness blooming, The rosy God of pleasure

Where'er life thrives in ful - ness blooming, The rosy God of pleasure

reigns; A thousand na - tions hail his coming, And smiling

reigns; A thousand na - tions hail his coming, And smiling

rf

8

Then in his pathway's flowery
 -low.
 Then in his pathway's flowery
 -low.
 furrow Gay mirth and spright-ly song ad - vance; He stills at once the
 furrow Gay mirth and spright-ly song ad - vance; He stills at once the
 waves of sorrow, His look a smile, his step a dance, His look a
 waves of sorrow, His look a smile, his step a dance, His look a
 smile, his step a dance.
 smile, his step a dance.

Infancy

Andante { *Dolce*

8va - loco *rf* dim

There was a time, and I recal it well, When my whole frame was
 but an ell in height; Oh! when I think of that, my warm tears swell, And
 therefore in the memo-ry I de-light.

6

I sport - - ed in my mother's kind em - bra - ces, And

climb'd my grand - sire's venerable knee; Un-known were care, and

rage, and sorrow's traces; To me the world was blest as blest could be.

ritar. a Tempo

rf *dim*

8va

8va - - - - loco

Those days were matchless sweet - but they are perish'd, And.
 life is thorny now, and dim, and flat; Yet rests their
 me - mory - deeply - fondly cherish'd; God! in thy mercy take not
 take not that.

ritard. a Tempo

8va - - - loco

fz

Infancy.

BY

PROFESSOR JENS BAGGESEN,

OF COPENHAGEN.

THERE was a time, and I recal it well,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Oh! when I think of that, my warm tears swell,
And therefore in the memory I delight.

I sported in my mother's kind embraces,
And climb'd my grandsire's venerable knee;
Unknown were care, and rage, and sorrow's traces;
To me the world was blest as blest could be.

Those days were matchless sweet—but they are perish'd,
And life is thorny now, and dim, and flat;
Yet rests their memory—deeply—fondly cherish'd;
God! in thy mercy take not—take not that.

Love and Fame.

ORIGINAL.

BY

MR. WALKER.

NAY, dearest Mary! say not so;
 My heart is wholly thine!
 What though thy vot'ry seem'd to bow
 Before another shrine?
 What though he courted Fame awhile,
 And revell'd in the muse's smile?

My first, my last, my dearest love,
 Thou still wert all to me!
 The poet's magic song I wove
 But to ennable thee;
 And sought the wreath of martial fame,
 But to entwine it with thy name.

Like him* who to the sun wou'd climb,
 Content to perish there,
 So he might scan its orb sublime,
 I breathe my willing prayer;
 Within my little sun to rest,
 And die upon its radiant breast.

* One of the Grecian philosophers.

Love and Flame!

37

Andante

mezzo piano *rf*

2 4

8^{vs} 8^{vs}

rf

Nay, dear- est Ma - - ry! say not so; My

rf *rf* *rf*

heart is whol - ly thine! - - What though thy vo - - t'ry

sfz *rf*

seem'd to bow Be - fore a - - no - ther shrine? - - What

339

8. though he cour - ted Fame a - while, And re - vell'd in the dim

8. cres. fz. dim

1 8. 2 mu - se's smile, What smile?

My

first, my last, my dearest love, Thou still wert all to

rf. rf.

me! - - - The po - et's ma - gic song I wove, But

339

to en - no - ble thee; - - - And sought the wreath of S.
 mar - - - tial fame, But to en - twine it. with thy name, And I S.
dim
fx
dim
S.
2
 name.
S.
rf
rf
 Like him, who to the
S.
 sun would climb, Con - tent to pe - - - rish there, - - -
S.

So he might scan its orb sub-lime, I.

breathe my willing prayer; - - - - - Within my lit-tle

sun to rest, And die up-on its ra-diant breast! With-

breast!

Norwegian Love Song.

41

Indantino Con Espres:

The bright red sun in

ocean slept; Be-neath a pine-tree Gu-nild wept, And ey'd the

hills with sil-ver crown'd, And lis-ten'd to each

lit-tle sound That stir'd on high- That stir'd -

ad lib: a tempo

8va 8va

loco loco

8va 8va

loco

stir'd on high. *L.* *p*

"Thou stream" she said, from heights a - bove, Flow soft-ly to a wo - . *cres* **rf dim f dim p*

-man's love! As on thy a - zure current steering, Flow soft, and *dim* *p*

shut not from my hearing The sounds I love. The sounds The *8va* *loco* *f* *p*

sounds I love. *L.* *p*

Norwegian Love Song.

BY

PETER ANDREAS HEIBERG,

OF BERGEN.

THE bright red sun in ocean slept;
 Beneath a pine-tree Gunild wept,
 And ey'd the hills with silver crown'd,
 And listen'd to each little sound
 That stirr'd on high.

“Thou stream,” she said, “from heights above,
 Flow softly to a woman’s love!
 As on thy azure current steering,
 Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing
 The sounds I love.

“Ere chased the morn the night-cloud pale,
 He sought the deer in distant dale;
 ‘Farewell!’ he said, ‘when evening closes,
 Expect me where the moon reposes
 On yonder vale.’

“Return, return, my Harold dear!
 This wedded bosom pants with fear;
 By woodland foe I deem thee dying;
 Oh come! and hear the rocks replying
 To Gunild’s joy.”

Then horns and hounds came pealing wide,
 “Tis he! ‘tis he!” fair Gunild cried;
 “Ye winds, to Harold bear my cry!”
 And rocks and mountains answer’d high
 “Tis he! ‘tis he!”

Danish War Song.

BY

CHRISTEN PRAM,

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF TRADE AT COPENHAGEN.

So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
 And hasten up victory's height,
 When the trumpet proclaims with its heart-stirring breath
 Our country's loud summons to fight:
 We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
 "Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our king."

So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
 When Denmark's renown gives command;
 If there's one who for her would not slumber in death,
 Such a soul is not worth such a land!
 We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
 "Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our king."

So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
 For our monarch, the noble and kind;
 And to fall in his cause is as glorious a wreath
 As to combat for him left behind!
 We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
 "Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our king."

So joyous aside the red falchion we fling,
 When its point has bought peace to our shore:
 Then shout for our fair land, and bountiful king,
 Joy follows the battle's dread roar;
 And mountain and flood shall join voice as we sing,
 "Heaven prosper our queen, and give joy to our king."

Danish War Song

45

Animato



shout it tri-umphant, ex - piring we sing, "Heav'n prosper our country, our

King" We shout it triumphant, ex - piring we sing, "Heav'n prosper our country, our

We shout it triumphant, ex - piring we sing, "Heav'n prosper our country, our

CHORUS.

triumphant, ex - piring we sing, "Heav'n prosper our country, our

We shout it triumphant, ex - piring we sing, "Heav'n prosper our country, our

più forte. *

love, and our King" So.

love, and our King"

love, and our King"

love, and our King"

fine

The Negro's Song.

47

Lento.

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano line is in bass F-clef. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part begins with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are as follows:

I will fly the social room, I will
 weep in lone-ly sadness; The poor negros' cherish'd gloom Must not
 mar the hour of gladness. Let my fate your sighs com-mand, Fetter'd
 in a distant land, Fetter'd in a dis-tant land.

Accents and dynamic markings like *rf* (rallentando) are present in the piano part.

Say, what is the negro's
 crime, Ye who in our blood engrave it? Can the colour of our
 clime Plead for sin with him who gave it? Gloomy is the negro's
 breast, Robb'd of her he loves the best, Robb'd of her he loves the best.

THE

Negro's Song.

BY

PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP.

I WILL fly the social room,
 I will weep in lonely sadness;
 The poor negro's cherish'd gloom
 Must not mar the hour of gladness.
 Let my fate your sighs command,
 Fetter'd in a distant land.

Say, what is the negro's crime,
 Ye who in our blood engrave it?
 Can the colour of our clime
 Plead for sin with him who gave it?
 Gloomy is the negro's breast,
 Robb'd of her he loves the best.

God of Christians, God of men!
 Thou canst melt the heart of scorn;
 May none e'er the bridegroom chain,
 From his new-espoused torn!
 Let our fate thy pity move,
 Robb'd of country and of love!

THE

Norwegian's Three Watchwords:*COURAGE, ENERGY, AND UNANIMITY.*

BY

JOHAN STORM MUNCK,

CHAPLAIN GENERAL TO THE FORCES OF NORWAY.

WHEN the harper's mute, and the harp stills her strings,
 The joy of the circle is o'er ;
 Then list; while the three words of potence he sings,
 The watchwords of Norway's shore ;
 And if there's a heart throbs at Norway's dear name,
 He will answer the harp-with shout and acclaim.

Behold the tall pine-tree, how proud and how fair,
 On the brow of her parent hill,
 She waves her green crown, and exults in the air,
 And laughs at the storm's rough will :
 Like the pine of your land let your courage rise high,
 Nor shrink from her call, though she call you to die.

Behold how, untired and unbroken in might
 By his toils of a thousand years,
 With foot like a youth, leaping down from his height,
 The torrent of ages* appears ;
 May each heart of our land with like energy beat,
 'Till its last crimson current is pour'd at her feet.

Behold where the ocean, with battle-alarms,
 Chafes the rocks of our land in his pride ;
 Behold where the sea-rocks, like brethren in arms,
 Encounter his wrath side by side :
 Just Heaven ! may our swords flame in unity yet,
 'Till Norway's last sun on her mountains is set !

* The Sarp, a celebrated cataract in Norway.

The Venerable three Watchwords.

Allegretto

When the harper's mute, and the harp stills her strings, The
 joy of the cir - - - cle is o'er; Then

mez:

list, while the three words of po-tence he sings, The
loco 8va loco.

watch - words of Norway's shore; And if there's a

heart throbs at Norway's dear name, He will an-swer the harp with

TUTTI.

shout and acclaim, And if there's a heart throbs at Norway's dear.

And if there's a heart throbs at Norway's dear.

And if there's a heart throbs at Norway's dear.

And if there's a heart throbs at Norway's dear.

f

name, He will an - swer the harp with shout and acclaim.

name, He will an - swer the harp with shout and acclaim.

name, He will an - swer the harp with shout and acclaim.

name, He will an - swer the harp with shout and acclaim.

cresc
 fz
 fz

fz
 fz

mez:
 cresc

fz

f

Canute and Ellen.

Allegretto
Moderato

mez:

The pole-star of love was just
peep-ing, And the leaves of the fo-rest were sleep - -
- ing, When thus beneath a green oak's shade Young Ca-nute
said: "Wilt thou go, my English love! The gloomy waves a-bove, a

thus be-neath the green oak's shade Young El - len said: "Dear is the

land of my birth, 'Tis the pearl and pride of earth, But thy

love is fair-er worth! And the mighty waves threat with their

spray, dear, But true love is mightier than they, dear!"

Canute and Ellen.

ORIGINAL.

BY

MR. WALKER.

THE pole-star of love was just peeping,
And the leaves of the forest were sleeping,
When thus beneath a green oak's shade
Young Canute said :
“ Wilt thou go, my English love !
The gloomy waves above,
A Norseman's faith to prove ?
Wilt thou quit the green vales of thy birth, love,
And dwell in a far foreign earth, love ? ”

She clung to the bosom that press'd her,
She smil'd on the lips that caress'd her,
And thus beneath the green oak's shade
Young Ellen said :
“ Dear is the land of my birth,
'Tis the pearl and pride of earth,
But thy love is fairer worth !
And the mighty waves threat with their spray, dear,
But true love is mightier than they, dear ! ”

Danish March?

Tempo Ordinario

f

mez.

cres f

8 -

mez.

f

Minore

The image shows a page of musical notation for a piano, consisting of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is divided into eight staves by large brace lines. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte), 'p' (piano), and 'mez.' (mezzo-forte). There are also performance instructions like '8va' (octave up) and 'loco' (locally). The tempo is indicated by a '3' in a circle at the beginning of the third staff. The music is written in a standard musical staff format with horizontal lines and vertical bar lines.

60 The Melodies arranged for the Flute.

THE POPULAR NAVAL SONG OF DENMARK.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO

THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

ANDANTINO

THE WOMEN OF DENMARK.

ANDANTE

SINCLAIR'S SONG.

CON ENERGIA

A NORWEGIAN POPULAR SONG.

ALLEGRETTO



PLEASURE AND FRIENDSHIP.

ALLEGRETTO



INFANCY.

ANDANTE



LOVE AND FAME.

ANDANTE



NORWEGIAN LOVE SONG.

Con Espres:

ANDANTINO



DANISH WAR SONG.

ANIMATO $\frac{6}{8}$ *f*

THE NEGRO'S SONG.

LENTO $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$

THE NORWEGIAN'S
THREE WATCHWORDS.

ALLEGRETTO $\frac{C}{4}$ *f*

CANUTE AND ELLEN.

ALLEGRETTO $\frac{2}{4}$ *f*

MODERATO $\frac{4}{4}$ *mf*

DANISH MARCH.

TEMPO ORDINARIO $\frac{C}{4}$ *f*